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a few summers I'll encourage her to take her own squire. From the work we are doing, Regret... we can save hundreds... nay... thousands of lives. I just know it. Look at the impact we've had with our generosity. Hells... Istrone may not even be alive were it not for us taking her in..."

Regret stood there, not knowing what to say, not knowing how to respond. Ashlyn knew that the young gunbreaker was cornered. "Think of it Regret, we... can truly do good."

The spectre's fist remained balled up

*"How can I trust that we won't just go back to our old ways? How can I trust that we can actually seek penance."* She simply says softly. *"Only with our death, do I have that guarantee."* Ashlyn then remembered something Yaya mentioned.

"Then why have you not killed us yet?" She asked softly. Her sapphire eyes moved to become half-lidded. The younger bunny gasped. "You both are able to wrest control from me for seconds at a time and steal our body. There have been many a time, like back at the Great Gubal, when we first came across Rinandra and I told her to push me off that ledge should she wish to seek to kill me for her later wife. Why not just throw ourselves off? That surely would have ended our lives, would it not? It would have been all over then and there. There have been many opportunities you could have taken to kill us... why do you want me to do it? Why can't you?"

Regret's arms trembled as the Viera stood there. She couldn't answer it because she knew the truth. They all knew the truth. For it was something they knew deep down. Even through their own suicide attempts when they were but twenty-nine summers, even with how much abandon they fought until recently. There was one truth that kept them still here. They feared death. They feared the veil. They feared what may happen to them once they cross that threshold. In their heart of hearts, all three of them fully expected to never see the light of the heavens, nor even the suffering of the hells to later get redemption.

No, all three of them knew the answer, that was that they fully expected to be torn asunder in the void, to feel utter oblivion. An uncomfortable silence fell over the group as Ashlyn remained in place. Finally, she slowly moved up to the spectre of her guilt. Placing a soft leather on the younger bunny's shoulder, the now fifty-two summer old just looked down at the reflection of young her. Kneeling, she pulled the sixteen summer old into a hug.

"I know Regret, I know why... this is why we need to keep pressing on. We can't just try to take the coward's way. We... need to keep working together. I know you worry about us falling to our old ways, but I'm an older Viera now. I'm not the same kit I was. I've..."

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